

General
Almonds for Parrots:

OR, A SOFT
ANSWER

To a Scurrilous SATYR, call'd,
St. James's Park.

With a Word or two in Praise of
CONDONS.

Inscrib'd to the Worthy Gentlemen at WILLS.

Πολλὰναι Τοι μωρὸς ἀνὴρ κατὰ καίειον ἔπει

Fools often pay for peeping.

L O N D O N :

Printed in the Year, MDCCCVIII.

Almonds for Parrots, &c.

ARISE, my Muse; expand thy soaring Wing;
 Of lofty Things in lofty Numbers sing.
 How glorious 'tis by soothing Arts to please!
 But Truth's a loathsome scandalous Disease,
 That's seldom found but in a Thread-bare Coat;
 For all that own it, are not worth one Groat.
 Adieu then, thou pernicious Weed of Wit,
 For Oratory or Poetry alike unfit.
 So, sure, who trusts himself to thee alone,
 Need not dispute at all to be undone.
 Shake off this dull unfashionable Thing,
 As Giant G———'s harrangues, I'd have thee sing.
 Make *Blenheim*-Heroes of your fighting Sorts,
 And write whole *Episodes* on Gally-Pots.
 Like B——k——re, Bombast use for Epick Strain,
 Then conjure up old *Lauderdale* again,
 And recommend him for a handsome Man.
 Satyr, Lampoon, and Burlesque's made to fit.
 Fools that are full of Humour and of Wit;
 But labour'd Nonsense only can be found,
 By studious Sophs, in Calf and Sheep Skin bound.
 Be cautious then, my Muse; give no Offence;
 Rather than use thy Wit, forget thy Sense,
 For *Fortune* has enshrined the Fool in Pence.
 Worship the Idol, if thou would'st have Store;
 None else are Rich, but those that will Adore.
 Strike, strike thy Strings, and tune thy moving Lyre;
 Try what the Pow'r of *Mammon* can inspire.
 Hark, hark, the pleasing Melody begins,
 And charms like a young Harlot when at first she Sins.
 Rapt with the Thoughts of Pleasure, such we see
 Always produc'd by jingling Poetry:
 In which, like empty Vessels, there is nought
 But Sounds discording, void of Sense or Thought!

Avoid

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Avoid this *Scylla* then of fatal Rhime,
And strive to please, as well as play in Time.

How glorious bright L — — — — — and G — — — — — d shine !
And fragrant smell, like any Columbine !

Whose Lilly Looks, at first Appearance, show

The Blood-red Courage of his Heart below.

The Ladies well may such a Soldier fear,

That carries bearded Arrows ev'ry where,

His Shape. his Mein, his Eyes prevail ;

But the great Secret of his Charms, lies in his T — —

Bless me ! what silly Things are Women grown,

Compar'd to th' pretty Fellows of the Town !

For Shame, ye Fair, your boasted Charms disown.

No more expect to be address'd again,

But put on on Breaches, and attack the Men.

You may perhaps find something more to say,

Than in dumb Language court the Modern *Wan*.

You then may find the Men made to your Mind,

Soft, Complaisant, Agreeable, and Kind ;

Gentle as *Wal—r*, when he's pleas'd to smile,

Like Maidens taught at Fifteen to beguile.

But sure no Virgin of this Age will dare

Her Beauty with his Breeding to compare !

For one so nicely vers'd in ev'ry Art

The Females use, must be allow'd his Part :

He knows to vanquish, or to yield a Heart :

He knows each Knack and Mystry of the Fair

To crimp and curl, rake off, or put on Hair ;

To cleanse the Teeth, wash, parch, or paint ;

Look pert, or else demure as any Saint ;

He knows the wond'rous Arts some have to please ;

How to prevent, or cure the foul Disease ;

How to Advantage best to put on Red,

And most commodiously dispose a Bridal Bed :

Nay, to compleat his Art, t' instruct the Fair,

And put her in a Posture for an Heir.

Proceed, my Muse ; he's not the only He

That, dress'd in Petty-coats, would make a beauteous She.

How many are disguis'd in Coat and Sword,

That speak themselves meer Women ev'ry Word ;

Sit at their Toilet ev'ry Morn they rise,

To learn the Art of governing their Eyes ;

That ev'ry Day the pretty Things are dress'd,

They may be taught what Looks become them best ;

Whether a languishing and sleepy Grace;
 Will best that Day adorn their Face;
 Or't be expedient to look out-right,
 And kil th' unguarded Female at first Sight.
 These Things are well consulted at the Glass,
 Or e're they can adjust a modish Face:
 Which, when trimm'd up to the nice Rules of Art,
 They doubt not but will conquer any Heart.

Thus pretty S---d---y reigns among the Fair.
 And passes for the bright *Idalian* Star,
 The Men are apt to take him for a She,
 And pay false Homage to the Deity.
 'Tis pity *Nature* so mistook her Way,
 To make at once both Sexes go astray,
 That when she did the Masculine create,
 He should turn Tail, and prove effeminate.
 But this in Camps may of more Service prove,
 Where Male with Male are forc'd to kindle Love.

This cools the Rage of Feminine Desire,
 Which so debases all their Manly Fire:
 For who would love a silly Maid, that can
 Be happy with that Lordly Creature, Man?
 When free from Female Fooleries, they may
 Revel together all the Night and Day;
 Never be weary, 'till their Souls are fled
 And they are peacefully convey'd to Bed;
 Where no fond She's to interrupt their Joys,
 Or they're awak'd with Matrimonial Crys,
 The grating Sound of squalling Girls and Boys.

Rather like B---y, in the publick Streets,
 That kisses ev'ry Fellow that she meets,
 Let them with rapt'rous Thoughts enjoy each other,
 'Till ev'ry pretty Youth is made a Mother;
 That by their own Experience they may see
 Th'Effect of base prepost'rous Vener'y.
 How *Nature* startles at the foul Offence!
 But always triumphs in bright Innocence.

Yet C---te affects the Female Gender more
 Than F---- the Male, or R---- the Wh----.
 But what a pleasant Prospect would it be,
 To see in Publick this Variety!
 Beho'd, the Breeches put on B---t---n's Wife!
 And see a Brigadier dress'd in a Quois!

How like a simpering *Susan*, *Tam* would look?
 And how old *M——r——n* dress'd up like a Cook?
 How for a Country Maid, *Wal——r* might pass,
 That was just taken fresh from Grass?

So amiable each Creature would appear,
 The Ladies durst not shew themselves, for fear
 These modish *Dalilabs* should force their Rear.

Alas! how awkward would our Women seem,
 In Mode, or Shape, or Dress, compar'd to them?
 With such soft Voices, and such decent Pride,
 Such winning Graces, and such Ways beside,
 They Dance and Sing like any *Essex* Bride,
 And now they have discover'd, after all,
 What we a true *Hermaphrodite* may call;
 For *Nature* ne'er made Men so soft and fair,
 And yet adorn'd their Heads and Beards with Hair.
 But *Art* surpasses *Nature*; and we find
 Men may be transform'd into Woman-kind.
 O happy Change! But far more wond'rous Skill!
 That cure's *Love's* Wounds, without the Doctor's Pill:
 Anticipates ev'n *Condon's* secret Art,
 At first invent'd to secure the Part.

O matchless *Condon*! thou'st secur'd thy Fame
 To last as long as *Condon* is a Name.
 Such mighty Things are by thy Influence done,
 Thou ha'st the foremost of this Age out-run.
Vulcan himself has been out-strip'd by thee,
 Thou Patron of the *Paphian* Deity.
 For *Mars's* Heroes, shining Arms he made;
 But thou for *Venus*, takes up *Vulcan's* Trade.
 Superior much, thou do'st the God out-shine.
Achilles Armour cannot match with thine.
 Thine makes the Knight invulnerable still;
 And *Condon* triumph's o'er *Apollo's* Skill.
 Sons of the Sun, no more in vain pretend
 To heal what all your Art can never mend.
 No more to *Hermes* mighty Skill aspire;
Condon has quench'd the heat of *Venus's* Fire,
 And yet preserv'd the Flame of *Love's* Desire.

Hail! mighty Leader of the *Condon* Crew,
 Who charge the Fair, arm'd Cap-a pee, like you!
 To noble *A——le* first you did impart
 The secret Knowledge of your saving Art:
 Which, had you taught to *O——r——ry* before,
 You'd sav'd his Calfs, not such as *Israel* did adore,
 But such as he has offer'd to his Wh——.

. And

And now, who have we of Illustrious Race,
From my Lord's Valet, to his very Grace,
That can be said to be instructed right,
Unless he knows with Condons how to fight?
Happy Invention! that is grown a Trade,
Whereby some Honest People get their Bread;
But they in ev'ry Market can't be had,
The Huckster-Dealers only will them sell,
At th' Park, Spring-Garden, Play-House or the Mall.
'Tis pity that a Grant is not obtain'd,
That something may be to the Publick gain'd;
That like New Rome, New Britain may appear,
And our wise Laws appoint a Register
To enter Condon-Hawkers ev'ry Year.

O Condon! blest must be thy coming Brain,
That proves at length, Nature made naught in vain;
But such capacious Heads as thine, can find
For what they were at first by her design'd.
Long had the Peans of the Age, who shine
In Arts, and boast themselves of Race divine;
Long had these Æsculapian Heroes vex'd
Their leisure Thoughts, and long their Minds perplex'd,
To search the Cause why Nature had assign'd
To Men and Brutes, a Gut the Learn'd call, Blind;
Till Condon, for the Great Invasion fam'd,
Found out its use, and after him 'twas nam'd,
Long will thy Story last, and thou remain
Dear to Posterity, a Matchless Man,
Like him at Ephesus, that burnt the sacred Fane.

What Characters of Fame shall be entail'd on those
That the grand Secrets of thy Art disclose?
Puddy shall live immortal in my Verse,
And Condons shall adorn her moving Herse.
But who shall sing of thy great Feats, O Moor!
Thy Rods and Condons, which the Men adore
Beyond the Idols worshipp'd heretofore!
They languidly to Priapus their Off'rings made;
But thou hast Arts Moore, warmly that perswade.
To brisk Devotion, thou excites Desire,
And to old Age can give a youthful Fire:
The frigid Constitution work to Flame,
And make a Condon but an useles Name.

Hail Venerable Matron! and receive
The only Tribute that my Muse can give

Perswasive Words to move a willing Mind :
 But you have Ways to make both Genders kind :
 Couple 'em so, that neither disagree,
 But in Conjunction Copulative let's see,
 Without a Grammar Rule, right Harmony.
 Compar'd to thee, *Prison* was but a Fool,
 And wanted the Instructions of thy School ;
 Where he the Art of Flogging might have seen,
 Practis'd on Garter Knights, both Blue and Green ;
 Such Honours as were here conferr'd on thee,
 Poor Pedagogue ! of Punny Infancy.

But stay my Muse, let's view that noted Pond
 That bears the Name of beauteous *Rosamond*,
 Where Herds of happy Shes sometimes repair,
 To take the Breezes of the Evening Air,
 And hide themselves there from the numerous Train
 Of noisy, senseless, self-conceited Men :
 There Musick gently sooth their Lovers Ear,
 And lulls to Rest the Courter's Thoughts of Care.
 The busy, young Impertinent comes here,
 Buzzing about his Nonsense ev'ry where,
 Till all the shady, dark Retirement round,
 Is like a Publick Fair or Market found,
 Where Women do exchange themselves for Gold,
 As Beasts at *Smithfield* are both bought and sold.

Thus *Wh---n* has by great Example shown
 How he another's Wife has made his own,
 Only by keeping, till the Husband's dead.
 Then taking the chaste Spouse to his own Bed ;
 And to the World proclaim his happy Choice,
 By the loud Drum, and the shrill Trumper's Voice,
 Till echoing Sounds the joyful Airs repeat,
 And make the once Unhappy, Fortunate.

Here *C-----e* some Heireis seeks to wed,
 And *E----b* barter for a Maidenhead.
 Nought but a Countess will with *M----* down,
 Who takes the common Draught of all the Town ;
 Yet's pleas'd to think th' untoward Dowdy She
 Affects this Air, to hide her Quality.

O-----n incog. pretends to be a Cit,
 And so he might a *Whippoor*, for *Win*.
 The Lord would never shew he was so born,
 Or *Cit* discover that he wore a Horn.

Dukes might; without Disguise, in Private pass;
 Would they but hide their Ears, that shew the Ass;
 But Females have much quicker Eyes, by far;
 The darkest Night will see a blazing Star;
 Elle M—— could ne'er have known his Grace;
 Had not he had a Mark beside his Face.
 But, O! what Influence from a Garter flows,
 That with the Eye too gratifies the Nose.
 Thus S——y pleases the high pamper'd Peer,
 Each Night he meets the rampant *Venus* here.
 From whence, to *Gibbon's* they adjourn 'till Day,
 And then his Grace steals like a Thief away.
 Next Noon he rises constant as the Sun,
 That to his eve Meridian Height does run,
 To tell at *Gaunt's* and *White's* what he has done;
 What Beauties conquer'd, and what Battels won:
 How in his Arms the fairest She he clasp'd,
 And how she melted ev'ry Time he grasp'd.
 How all her Charms she freely did dispence,
 And how he triumph'd o're her Wit and Sense.
 While all this Time the Nymph was nothing more
 Than an old batter'd Hag, or rammy Wh——,
 One disciplin'd in War, and taught the Trade,
 By nauseous Flattery, to get her Bread;
 And by wise Management, become a Tool,
 To please the wealthy Coxcomb, and the Fool.

F I N I S.
